And this the noble Bodie: I am ſotted,
Vtterly loſt: My Virgins faith has fled me.
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sister; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together: Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not: aske me now ſweet Sister,
I may goe looke; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall ſweetneſſe,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?
Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are come.
Emil. To end the quarrell?
Gent. Yes.
Emil. Would I might end firſt:
What ſinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,
That my unſpotted youth muſt now be ſoyld
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chaſtitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, muſt be the ſacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theſeus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to ſee 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights: Now my faire Sister,
You muſt love one of them.
Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely

Enter Meſſengers. Curtis.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.
Theſ. From whence come you Sir?
Meſſ. From the Knights.

Theſ. Pray ſpeake
You that have ſeene them, what they are.
Meſſ. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke: Six braver ſpirits
Then theſe they have brought, (if we judge by the outſide)
I never ſaw, nor read of: He that ſtands
In the firſt place with *Arcite*, by his ſeeming
Should be a ſtout man, by his face a Prince,
(His very lookes ſo ſay him) his complexion,
Nearer a browne, than blacke; ſterne, and yet noble,
Which ſhewes him hardy, fearleſſe, proud of dangers:
The circles of his eyes ſhow faire within him,
And as a heated Lyon, ſo he lookes;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and ſhining
Like Ravens wings: his ſhoulders broad, and ſtrong,
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldricke; when he frownes
To ſeale his will with, better o'my conſcience
Was never Souldiers friend.
Theſ. Thou ha'ſt well deſcribde him,
Per. Yet a great deale ſhort
Me thinkes, of him that's firſt with *Palamon*.
Theſ. Pray ſpeake him friend.
Per. I gheſſe he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his ſhow
Has all the ornament of honour in't:
Hee's ſomewhat bigger, then the Knight he ſpoke of,
But of a face far ſweeter; His complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and ſo apter
To make this cauſe his owne: In's face appeares
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a ſetled valour
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,
And guides his arme to brave things: Feare he cannot,
He ſhewes no ſuch ſoft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,
Not to undoe with thunder; In his face